



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING, 1875.

THE Annual Meeting was held on Thursday, April 15, at 11 o'clock, A.M., the Hon. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Vice-President, in the chair.

The Recording Secretary read the record of the preceding meeting, which was approved.

The Librarian read his monthly list of donors to the Library. This included the name of our associate, Mr. Lawrence, who has been a constant contributor to the collection of books relating to the war of the Rebellion. Also that of the President, Mr. WINTHROP, who had sent to the Library from London the second, third, and fourth Reports of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, London, 1871, 1872, 1874 — the first Report having been previously presented by our late corresponding member, Mr. Almack. Mr. WINTHROP also gave a number of valuable historical tracts, written by our late associate, M. D'Avezac, of Paris.

The Recording Secretary, in the absence of the Corresponding Secretary, reported letters of acceptance from the Hon. Charles Devens, Jr., as a Resident Member, and the Hon. John Bigelow, of New York, as a Corresponding Member.

Dr. ELLIS, from the Committee on the Sewall papers, reported that the estimated cost of copying manuscript sufficient for one printed volume, was from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Charles F. Adams, Jr., was elected a Resident Member.

An application from Dr. J. G. Palfrey for leave to consult and to copy from the papers of Governor Belcher, was granted, under the rules.

The Recording Secretary read the following letter from the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, pastor of the Shepard Congregational Society of Cambridge, asking this Society's acceptance of some manuscripts formerly belonging to the late Dr. Abiel Holmes, which he had already sent to the Society's rooms:—

CAMBRIDGE, 18 March, 1875.

TO THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY :—

I have the honor of asking your acceptance of the accompanying miscellaneous papers, which have come into my possession from the family of my predecessor, the late Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.D. I think that your Library is the appropriate place for them, and am confident that Dr. Holmes would desire to have them left in your keeping. It is therefore with much pleasure that I transfer them to your care.

I remain your obedient servant,

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.

Whereupon it was unanimously

Voted, That the thanks of the Society be presented to the Rev. Alexander McKenzie for the manuscripts presented by him to the Society's archives.

Voted, That the papers presented by Mr. McKenzie be referred to the Committee on the Proceedings.

The Vice-President read the following letter :—

WASHINGTON, 27 March, 1875.

Baron de Sant' Anna, Portuguese Minister in the United States, presents his compliments to the Hon. Charles F. Adams, and has the honor of sending him a photo-lithographic copy of an original document existing in the Royal Archives of Torre de Tombo, tending to show the priority of the discovery of Australia by the Portuguese. In doing so at the request of his government, the Baron desires to make known an interesting fact which adds to the glory the Portuguese have already won in the field of geographical exploration.

Voted, That the thanks of the Society be presented to the Baron de Sant' Anna for his gift to the Society's Library, and that the paper be referred to the Committee on the Proceedings. The following is a translation, —

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORD *

With the arrival of the Ships I learned that Your Most Illustrious Lordship had cause for sorrow. Therefore, as a faithful servant, I hastened to your palace to condole with you for the death of Dom Vasco da Gama, whom may God have in His Everlasting Glory. But, notwithstanding my entreaties, I could obtain no admission, Your Most Ill^{ts} Lord^{sh} being shut up and retired, as it was behoving.

I shall however recall to the mind of your Lordship how happy and fortunate it is for one to find what he desires, seeing you hoped that ships manned by Portuguese might after a prosperous voyage come in time for the Gold Expedition. And because the undertaking

* This letter is not dated, but there is mention in it of the death of Vasco da Gama, who died at Cochim or Cochin, a seaport town of Hindostan, on the 24th of December, 1524. The letter mentions the arrival of the ships which bring news of this event; and if this passage in it, "I need not mention that it is the 13th of September," refers to the day of writing, the year must be 1525. (See *The Three Voyages of Vasco da Gama, &c.*, London, printed for the Hakluyt Soc., 1869, p. 426. — Eds.

is more your Lordship's than mine, I need not mention that it is the 13th of September, which is the very time for a voyage to Malaca. Nor need I exaggerate this matter of discoveries which you will understand and perfectly know, and will therefore do what is necessary to forward it. If I hear that the discovery of gold is probable, I can provide accordingly; and if I should not, the paternal directions are enough for that.

But I cannot forbear reminding Your Lordship that success or failure in discovering gold depends also on knowing what kind of weather will be met with in the Golden Sea. Without such a knowledge and measures taken accordingly, the roughest weather in the world will be found. To understand this one must bear in mind that from March to June winter storms are sweeping over the Golden Sea.

Having thus profited by the September monsoons, I can stay in Malaca till the end of November, and leave in December for some place from which I may start alone and in time to reach Tymor, Ende or Sabbo, spend the winter in one of those Islands looking for more information about gold, and then in August or September, in the name of Almighty God, set out for the discovery of the happy Golden Island. Being through about the time of the tradewinds in April, I shall have to stop in Malaca during June, July, August, September, October, and November; and start again in December.

For which places you may order anything to the service of God and of the King of Portugal, and that of Your Most Illustrious Lordship. With nothing I deem myself more honored than with being instrumental in this discovery of gold. My conscience urges me to undertake it by the conviction that God will favour me with success. This is the reason why I beseech Your Lordship, who have done so much for it, to cast your eyes upon me for the accomplishment of so great and good a work. So Heaven may preserve your life and health for the protection of this Eastern India and of your servant

EM. LEGODINHÓ DE EREDIA.

Mr. THOMAS C. AMORY called the attention of the members to a silver locket which was the subject of a communication by him to the Society in February, 1873, and published in their "Proceedings" under that date. He now said that the owner of this interesting relic, Mrs. Thomas W. Phillips, desired through him to present it to the Cabinet of the Society, and it was accordingly presented. Whereupon it was

Voted, That the thanks of the Society be presented to Mrs. Thomas W. Phillips for an ancient silver locket, commemorative of the death of Charles the First, which had been worn as a keepsake by some one loyal to his memory, or personally attached to him.

The following Memoir of Professor Jeffries Wyman, by Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, was by request communicated for publication:—

MEMOIR

OF

PROFESSOR JEFFRIES WYMAN,

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M.D.

IN offering for the Proceedings of this Society the following notice of our late associate, Professor JEFFRIES WYMAN, which has already appeared in the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly," the writer of it has complied with a request of members whose wishes he felt justified him in so doing.

Professor Wyman was chosen a member of this Society in July, 1868. Although he has never taken an active part in its labors, his work as Curator of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology was in the same general direction as our own. The history of the races which have occupied this continent is largely recorded in the most palpable and durable form in those collections made under his own eye and arranged by his own careful hands. In this way he has amply vindicated his claim to be enrolled among the students of the records of the past belonging to this Society, for whom, if not with whom, he has labored.

Many tributes have been paid to his memory by the various associations with which he was connected and by his fellow-teachers and others who knew and loved him, among the rest, by Professors Asa Gray and Burt G. Wilder, and by Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia. In all of these he was recognized as a leader in natural science and a man of the finest qualities of character and intellect. It is hard to over-praise a man who did so much, who did it so well, and who never asserted any claim to honor or reward.

The visitor who has passed through the halls of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, and surveyed with astonishment those vast collections brought together and built up under the eye of the great master whom the Old World bred and educated for us and lent us, may perhaps be reminded that there is another collection not far

distant which it will be worth his while to visit. He has just seen what can be done by a man of extraordinary genius, trained by the most distinguished teachers of Europe, aided by large private munificence and public appropriations, and assisted by a numerous corps of skilful and enthusiastic fellow-workers. The result, fragment as it yet is of a colossal plan, is worthy of the man and the agencies which by the force of his will, the influence of his example, the renown of his name, the seductions of his eloquence, the charms of his companionship, and, above all, the devotion of his life, he obtained the mastery of, and wielded for his one grand purpose, that of building up a museum such as the country of his adoption might be proud to show the land of his birth and the world of science. After what the visitor has just passed in review, the grand achievement of so many co-laborers under such guidance, it may seem like asking too much to call on him again for his admiration in showing him another collection, not wholly unlike the last in many of its features, the work almost entirely of a single hand.

We enter the modest edifice known as Boylston Hall, and, going up a flight of stairs, find a door at the right, through which we pass into a hall extending the whole depth of the building. The tables in the centre of the floor, the cases surrounding the apartment, and the similar cases in the gallery over these, are chiefly devoted to comparative anatomy. Above the first gallery is a second, devoted to the archæological and ethnological objects which make up the Peabody Museum.

The fine effect of the hall and its arrangements will at once strike the observer. In the centre of the floor stands the huge skeleton of a mastodon found in Warren County, New Jersey, in 1844. Full-sized casts of the "fighting gladiator," as it was formerly called, and the Venus of Milo stand at the two extremities of the hall, and one of the Venus de Medici opposite the door. Stretched out at length in glass cases are the anatomical wax figures, male and female, which used of old to be so wondered over by the awe-struck visitors who had gained admission into little Holden Chapel. The skeletons of a large alligator, and of an overgrown anteater; a rattlesnake of fearful size and aspect, and a youthful saw-fish, both in alcohol; a slab with fossil foot-prints from the Connecticut River valley, and cases of separate bones from the four animal kingdoms, are the other principal objects grouped about the mastodon.

In the cases around the room are great numbers of fine

skeletons, of man and of various animals, — among them of the jaguar, the ostrich, the boa-constrictor, and of immense sea-turtles. Most interesting of all are the skull and other bones of a mighty gorilla. His head and pelvis are far from human in their aspect; but his arm-bone is so like that of his cousin Darwinian, that it looks as if it might have belonged to Goliath of Gath, or Og, king of Bashan. The skeleton of a young chimpanzee, by the side of that of a child, has a strongly marked effect of similar significance. There are also whole series of special preparations to show the parts of the skeleton concerned in locomotion in different classes of animals.

The cases in the gallery contain a vast number of wet and dry preparations, of which a very few may be indicated. One of Professor Wyman's last labors was to refill the jars of the wet preparations with alcohol, and they are in excellent condition. Among these are many careful dissections of the nervous centres and the organs of sense, and a series of embryological specimens which cannot fail to arrest the most careless observer. There are the Surinam toads with their ova on their backs, like potatoes in their hills; there are the strange fishes with their mouths full of eggs; there is the infant skate with a broad laugh on his face, as if he thought it a good joke to have been hatched, and forthwith drowned in proof-spirit, like Clarence in his butt of malnsey. Then come monstrosities of various kind and degree, wonders and nothing more to the vulgar, keys to some of nature's deepest secrets to the man of science. We pass next to the nests of wasps and hornets, and the combs of bees, with casts of the cells, from some of which, it may be mentioned, Professor Wyman took impressions directly for woodcuts, thus insuring that accuracy for which he was almost unrivalled. The nests of the great ants will next attract the eyes of the curious, and near these, the wonderful carpentry of the beavers, as shown in the sticks they have cut into lengths as if with tools of human workmanship. The great chisels of the rodents, those enamel-faced incisors which are so contrived as to keep their sharp bevel by the mere wear of use, grin in the crania ranged in rows above. And so we might go on through almost innumerable specimens filling the shelves, not with the rubbish of cheap collections, but with objects each of which has an idea behind it, and each important series of which has been illustrated by a paper well known to the scientific world.

If the view of this anatomical and physiological collection

has excited wonder and admiration, the sight of the archæological and ethnological collections in the gallery above the last, constituting the Peabody Museum, will be sure to give a not less admiring delight. Would the visitor see how his ancestors lived when they fought for the cave they wanted as a dwelling with the bear and the hyena; when the disposal of their dead was not a question of sepulture or cremation, but a simple matter of digestion: there are the bones of their loved ones, cracked for the marrow they held, or broken in pieces for easier culinary management, or marked by the well-developed canine teeth of the weeping but hungry mourners. There are the idols, the implements of war and peace, the utensils, of races of all grades of humanity; the flint tools and weapons from all quarters of the globe, startling us with the evidences of savage primeval Adams everywhere; relics of extinct tribes exhumed from shell-heaps in Denmark, in Florida, in Massachusetts; mummied remains from Egypt and Peru, images that Mexicans worshipped, pestles with which our Indians pounded their maize, bowls from which Alaskans drank their train-oil, helmets worn by chiefs of Pacific islands, bracelets and breastpins which once adorned the beauties of the lacustrine dwellings. No miscellaneous collection of "curiosities," but a well-ordered display of classified objects to illustrate the earlier stages of those processes by which a naked and defenceless biped, living in a hole like the foxes of the earth, has, in his descendants, subdued the hostile forces of nature to his will, and developed at length into a being of that luminous intelligence, those commanding powers, those benign graces, those far-reaching aspirations, that empire over the instincts and passions, which show him, in his best estate, as but a little lower than the angels. Before us are the relics of the troglodyte's unhallowed feast: what a mental and moral space between him who left his tooth-mark on the bone and him who wrote its label!

There is not one object among these many thousands which was not placed just where we see it by one and the same careful hand. On every label is seen the same delicate handwriting, slender, vertical, uniform, perfectly legible, and of a characteristically elegant neatness. Of the multitude of skilful and exquisite preparations, there are few that do not betray the workmanship of the master who planned the whole arrangement of these long series of specimens for the illustration of nature in her uncounted variety of forms and functions, and of human existence in its unwritten records.

It is the history of a life which is spread out on these well-filled shelves. Its years might have been counted by their growing rows, as that of a tree is counted by its rings. There is the frog's skeleton the boy made when he was a student in college. Here are the relics he took with his own hands from a Florida shell-heap when threescore years had passed over his head; the last of which found him as full of zeal and of work as the first.

No one can look at this beautiful monument of science, skill, and industry, without wishing to know how it was constructed, what to record, and for whom it was so painfully and patiently reared. He will learn, as we already know, that the genius and the industry of a single lover and student of nature conceived its plan and carried it to completion. He can see that on its walls is engraved a chapter of the new revelation to which the world is listening, for those who come after its founder to study and interpret. And after all this he will search for some tablet that shall teach him something of the man who had dared single-handed to attempt such a task, and left it so nobly accomplished. Here is what such an inscription might tell him, prefaced with a few words of introduction.

In preparing the following brief account of the man at the work of whose hands we have been looking, wondering how they could have wrought so much and done it so well, the writer has been assisted by a full and most interesting communication from one who knew him and loved him very dearly, not only as a brother, but as a friend whose life he shared as if they had always remained under the same roof. Professor Samuel Kneeland and Mr. Alexander Agassiz have also written in the terms of affection and respect which the mention of his name was always sure to call forth from those who knew him. It matters little from whom we borrow, for all the friends who speak of him are alike eloquent with the unmistakable accents of sincerity and warmth of feeling. It is the man himself, and not the phrases in which he is pictured, of whom we must all be thinking.

Jeffries Wyman was born in the town of Chelmsford, Massachusetts, a few miles from what is now the city of Lowell, on the 11th of August, 1814. His father, Dr. Rufus Wyman, was the first physician of the Maclean Asylum for the Insane, the earliest institution of this kind in New England. He was held in the highest esteem as a man of wisdom and of character, and gave that standing to the institution, over

which he presided many years with great success, which it has maintained up to the present time. Jeffries, his third son, named after his father's instructor, Dr. John Jeffries, was fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Exeter, entered Harvard College in 1829, and graduated in regular course in 1833. He studied medicine with the late Dr. John Call Dalton and with his own father, and took his medical degree in 1837. Though he must have been well qualified for practice, and had enjoyed the great advantage of having served as house-physician at the Massachusetts General Hospital, he does not appear to have ever become largely engaged in professional business.

Dr. Wyman's first appointment after graduation was as Demonstrator to Dr. John Collins Warren, the Hersey Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University. He was unwilling to tax the limited resources of a father to whom he was fondly attached, and was living at this time with an economy which it would be painful to think of, if we did not remember how many of the heroes of knowledge have eaten the bread of poverty, and found in it the nourishment of steady endeavor and serene self-possession. Soon afterwards he received the appointment of Curator of the Lowell Institute from Mr. John Amory Lowell, who has long administered its important trust in the interest of the able teachers, as well as the intelligent students of every form of knowledge. In 1841 he delivered a course of lectures before the Institute, and with the money received for this service he was enabled to visit Europe for the purpose of pursuing his favorite branches of study. It became evident enough in what direction his choice lay. He gave his time chiefly to the study of human and comparative anatomy, and of natural history and physiology, attending the lectures of Flourens, Magendie, Longet, De Blainville, Valenciennes, Duméril, Isidore St. Hilaire, and Milne-Edwards. Going from Paris to London, he studied the collections of the Hunterian Museum, and was thus busied when the news of his father's death summoned him back to his own country.

In 1843 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical Department of Hampden Sidney College, Richmond, Virginia. He resigned this office in 1847, at which time he was chosen Hersey Professor of Anatomy in Harvard University. To illustrate his lectures he began the formation of that Museum of Comparative Anatomy at which the reader has taken at second-hand a rapid glance. He made several voyages, partly, at least, with the object of

adding to his collections; one in 1849 to Labrador, where he came into relation with the Esquimaux, and learned something of their modes of living.

In the spring of 1833, while a senior in college, he had suffered from a dangerous attack of pneumonia, which seems to have laid the foundation of the pulmonary affection that kept him an invalid, and ended by causing his death. The state of his health made it necessary for him to seek a warmer climate, and in 1852 he went to Florida, which he continued to visit during many subsequent years; for the last time during the spring of the present year. Besides these annual migrations he revisited Europe in 1854 and 1870, and made a voyage to Surinam in 1856, and one to La Plata in 1858.

All these excursions and seasons of exile, rendered necessary by illness, were made tributary to his scientific enterprise. His museum kept on steadily growing; and the students who worked under his direction or listened to his lectures, the associations with which he was connected, and the scientific journals, reaped the rich fruit of his observations and his investigations during these frequent and long periods of absence.

So he went on working for about twenty years, quietly, happily, not stimulated by loud applause, not striking the public eye with any glitter to be seen afar off, but with a mild halo about him which was as real to those with whom he had his daily walk and conversation, as the nimbus round a saint's head in an altar-piece. It was near the end of these twenty years, in 1866, that Mr. George Peabody, of London, laid the foundation, by the gift of a large sum of money, of an archæological and ethnological museum, having particular reference to the antiquities illustrating the history of the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent. No professorship was yet provided for, and the modest title of Curator was all that was offered to Wyman when his services were called for in this new capacity. He entered with the enthusiasm of youth upon the duties of the office. What he accomplished in the way of personal contributions, obtaining donations, making judicious purchases, classifying, distributing, arranging, describing, repairing, labelling, the visitor whom we have supposed to have walked around the gallery would not expect to be told within the limited compass of these pages. How many skulls broken so as to be past praying for he has made whole, how many Dagon's or other divinities shattered past praying to he has restored entire to their pedestals, let the

myope who can find the cracks where his cunning hand has joined the fragments tell us. His manipulation of a fractured bone from a barrow or a shell-heap was as wonderful in its way as the dealing of Angelo Mai with the scraps of a tattered palimpsest.

The two offices, that of Hersey Professor of Anatomy and that of Curator of the Peabody Museum, he held until the time of his death. He was one of the four members in addition to Professor Agassiz himself who constituted the Faculty of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. He entered with the most unselfish interest into all the large designs and complex operations of his illustrious colleague, who regarded him as standing on an equal footing with the greatest living comparative anatomists. From 1856 until 1870, when his health forced him to resign, he held the office of President of the Boston Society of Natural History. In 1857 he was chosen President of the American Association for the Promotion of Science. He neither courted nor was in need of any such honors, but they came to him unsought.

During the few months preceding his death he was well enough to work as usual, and had the satisfaction of placing both his museums in perfect order before leaving Cambridge in the month of August, on a visit to the White Mountains. He was subject to the periodical catarrh of which his brother, Dr. Morrill Wyman, has written the history, and for which he has pointed out the cities of refuge to be found among the hills of New Hampshire. Shortly before the usual time of the return of the complaint he had gone for a brief residence to the little town of Bethlehem. He had experienced several slight attacks of bleeding, when on the night of Friday, the 4th of September, a sudden and copious hemorrhage came on and proved almost immediately fatal.

Funeral services were held on the Tuesday following at the Appleton Chapel in Cambridge, and at the place of interment at Mount Auburn. Sir Henry Wotton's noble hymn,

"How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will,"

was felt by all who heard it read as a part of the service to be a true picture of the pure, simple-hearted, high-souled man upon whose calm features we had looked for the last time.

Professor Wyman was twice married, and leaves three children heirs of his honored and memorable name.

We have begun with a rapid glance at the work of his hands. Let us now look at the printed record of what he did in science. No attempt will be made here to exhaust the catalogue of his Essays, his Reports, and the remarks full of significance which are to be found scattered through the scientific periodicals of the last thirty years. That task must be left for others. Our readers will, we trust, ask for nothing more in these pages than a very general view of his scientific labors, followed by such comments upon them and upon the man as cannot fail to suggest themselves.

The earliest article of his in print of which I have found any notice is "On the Indistinctness of Images formed by Oblique Rays of Light," published in the "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal" for September, 1837.

In the Catalogue of Scientific Papers compiled and published by the Royal Society of London is a list of sixty-four papers by Professor Wyman, and a mention of four others bearing his name in conjunction with those of Professor Hall, Professor Horsford, and Dr. Savage. This list brings the record down only to the year 1863. His contributions to science were kept up to the present year, the last, as yet unpublished, paper being dated May 20, 1874. This will be again referred to in the course of the present article.

The papers published from 1837 to 1874 embrace a wide range of subjects: anatomy, human and comparative; physiological observations; microscopic researches; paleontological and ethnological studies of fossils and relics; notices of the habits of animals, and curious experiments bearing on different points of interest, as, for instance, the formation of fossil rain-drop impressions, and the questions relating to the planes and angles of the cells of bees. To these should be added those memoirs in which he has drawn with fidelity and tenderness the characters of fellow-students of nature who were called from their work before him.

Professor Wyman may be said to have illustrated rather than have made a principal study of human anatomy. Much as there is to learn in this, there are fresher fields, where labor may be bestowed with larger promise of new facts, and such, too, as oftentimes throw more light on the significance of parts of the human structure than their immediate exploration would have afforded. His most important contribution to human anatomy is his paper entitled "Observations on Crania," published in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History, April, 1868. This is full of new and valuable information, the result of much patient and ingenious labor.

He made and reported an examination of the skeleton of a Hottentot who died in this city. He has given an admirable description of the arrangement of the spicula of bone in the neck of the human femur, and contrasted this arrangement with that observed in other animals not destined for the erect posture. All his figures of the internal structure of this and other bones of the human frame are, like other illustrations from his own skilful pencil, clear and bold. He knew just what he wanted to show, and his hand obeyed his intelligence. Another article of more popular interest is his description of the brain and cranial cavity of Daniel Webster. Of a more practical bearing is his account of a hitherto unnoticed fracture of the two lower lumbar vertebræ, depending on their anatomical peculiarities. In a memorable trial his evidence relating to the bones which had been submitted to great heat is of singular excellence as testimony, and his restoration of the fragments is a masterpiece of accuracy and skill. It need hardly be said that while he did not concentrate his attention chiefly on human anatomy, few of those who teach that branch alone are as thoroughly masters of it as he was.

One of his earlier publications in comparative anatomy and paleontology made the name of Wyman known to many outside of the scientific world. This was his paper on certain fossil animal remains which were for a time on public exhibition in Boston. They consisted of a chain of vertebræ one hundred and fourteen feet long, a few ribs, and portions of what were said to have been the paddles. This formidable antediluvian, obtained by a Mr. Koch from the marly limestone of Alabama, was christened by the name *Hydrarchus Sillimani*, and was advertised as an extinct form of sea-serpent. Dr. Wyman showed conclusively that the "king of the waters" was no reptile at all, but a warm-blooded mammal, that the bones were never parts of one and the same individual creature, and that some at least of the so-called paddles were casts of the cavities of a chambered shell. He has left on record many other studies of fossils; among the rest, of the remains of vertebrated animals from Richmond, Virginia, and from Memphis, Tennessee, of the fossil elephant and megatherium, and of the cranium of the mastodon. In this connection may also be mentioned his experiments before alluded to, on the impressions left by rain-drops, spray, and hail upon soft clay, intended to illustrate the fossil marks of similar origin, a variation of those of Professor Rogers in which plaster was used.

In comparative anatomy his most elaborate essays are that on the Nervous System of *Rana Pipiens*, to be found in the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge, and that on the Embryology of *Raia Batis*, in the Transactions of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Other papers of special interest are on the gorilla, which owes to him its famous name, borrowed from the Periplus of Hanno the Carthaginian. This was six months before Mr. Owen published on the same subject. To these may be added several articles on the eye and organ of hearing in the "blind fishes" of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; on the passage of nerves across the median line; on a thread-worm in the brain of the snake-bird, — a very curious observation, illustrating his perpetual vigilance, which never let a significant fact escape him as an unmeaning accident.

In physiological research his most noted experiments are those on the formation of infusoria in boiled solutions of organic matter contained in hermetically sealed vessels. These were continued for years, and are among the most important which have been made on the great question of biogenesis. His observations on the development of mould in the interior of eggs point in the same direction, as do his experiments on the effects of heated water on living organisms. — The effect of absence of light on the development of tadpoles, long since illustrated by the noted experiments of W. F. Edwards, is another matter which he studied and reported upon. — He contrived an exquisite arrangement by which he measured the velocity and force of the ciliary movement. — He explained with his accustomed ingenuity the mechanism of the tibio-tarsal joint in the ostrich. But of all his contributions to science no one compares for boldness and brilliancy with the "Description of a Double Fœtus," and the illustration of the formation of that and similar monstrosities by the action of bar-magnets on iron filings. The way in which "polar force," as it has been vaguely called, might be supposed to act in the arrangement of the parts of a forming embryo, normal or abnormal, was shown in a manner so startling, yet so simple, that to see him, by the aid of a couple of magnets, give the formula, as it were, of Ritta Christina, or of that "double-headed (and bodied) lady" who was lately exhibiting her accomplishments before us, was like being taken into the workshop of the sovereign Artificer, engaged in the last and greatest of his creative efforts.

In connection with this remarkable paper are published his views on the symmetry and homology of limbs, a subject

which has of late received elaborate treatment at the hands of one of his most distinguished former pupils, — Professor Wilder, of Cornell University.

In speaking of the law of “antero-posterior symmetry” Professor Wilder says of his instructor that he, “almost alone in this country, has devoted time to eliminating, from the indefinite and often extravagant and absurd shape in which it was left by Oken, the real truth of a principle the most potent and elevated of which the vertebrate body, considered by itself, is capable.” Just such a mind as Professor Wyman’s is needed to hamstring the vaulting idealisms of men like Oken and Carus. It is not science to say with the first that “the universe is God rotating”; it is not science to confound, with the second, the articulates and the vertebrates in a communism of forced homologies.

Scarcely separable from this class of observations and experiments are those which relate to points of what would have been commonly called natural history. Of these the most noticeable are his studies of the unusual modes of gestation in certain fishes. His attention had been called in the year 1854 to this curious phenomenon by Dr. Cragin, formerly United States Consul at Paramaribo, the capital of Dutch Guiana. In 1857 he visited the market of this place, and there found several species of fish, the males of which had their mouths “crammed to the fullest capacity” with the eggs which the females had laid. None were found in the stomach; and Professor Wyman was of the opinion that the eggs must be disgorged during the time when the animals were feeding. His paper published in Silliman’s Journal for 1859 gives an interesting account of this singular partnership in the parental duties. — He describes a species of hornet which builds its nest on the ground. — There is a certain strange reptile, known to science as the *Scaphiopus solitarius*, of which a single specimen had been found in this region by an inquiring country doctor whom some of us well remember, — Dr. Andrew Nichols, of Danvers. Wyman, who saw where others only looked, dug one up in his own garden, and had very soon found some thirty more in the neighborhood, and gives a description of them. — He sees the flies dying on the panes of his windows, as we all have seen them, leaving a certain white dimness on the glass, and, submitting the appearances to microscopic examination, makes out the characters of the vegetable parasite which, reversing the common order of nature, has fed upon the body of the little animal. — “Do snakes swallow their young?” asks Mr.

F. W. Putnam; and the great naturalist, who, as we remember, did not find ova in the stomach of his strange fishes, answers him not incredulously, but rather as if it were not unlikely, in a quotation from Spenser's "Faëry Queen," of which these lines form a part:—

"A thousand young ones, which she daily fed;

Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone."

Nothing can be more modest than the title of his pamphlet of eighteen pages, "Notes on the Cells of the Bee." But, if Lord Brougham could return from the pale realms where he has learned before this time the limits of his earthly omniscience, he would find his stately approval of the divine geometry an uncalled-for compliment. John Hunter's "Don't think, but try," perhaps modified to "Think and try," inasmuch as experiment must choose some direction or other, was the rule by which Professor Wyman worked here as in all cases; and trial led him to quietly set aside the confident assertion of Lord Brougham as to the "absolute and perfect agreement between theory and observation" with reference to the sides and angles of the cells.

After Professor Wyman's appointment as Curator of the Peabody Archæological and Ethnological Museum, his time was largely devoted to the formation and arrangement of the collection which has already become so rich in objects of interest. The liberality of Professor Agassiz transferred from the great Museum of Comparative Zoölogy many of those relics, lacustrine and other, which seemed to find an appropriate place in the new collection. Other additions came from gifts of associations and individuals, including a large number of Mexican antiquities from the Honorable Caleb Cushing, and others still were acquired by purchase. The Curator himself was constantly adding something whenever he had an opportunity; and even during his involuntary exile to a warmer climate on account of his impaired health, he was always busy, as we have said, in those curious explorations, his record of some of which is his last contribution to the pages of a scientific journal.

In 1867 he published, in the "American Naturalist," "An Account of some of the Kjøekkenmøddings (kitchen-middens), or Shell-heaps in Maine and Massachusetts." In the same year he visited, in company with Mr. G. A. Peabody, of Salem, and Mr. George H. Dunscombe, of Canada West, no less than thirty-two of these shell-heaps. The communica-

tion already referred to as his last record in the pages of science was read at a meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, and is thus mentioned in the as yet unpublished report: —

“ May 20, 1874.

“ Professor Jeffries Wyman read an account of the discovery of human remains in the fresh-water shell-heaps of Florida, under circumstances which indicate that cannibalism was practised by the early inhabitants living on the shore of the St. John’s River.”

Here follow some particulars which we may pass over.

“ Professor Wyman also gave an account of cannibalism as it existed in the two Americas at the time of the discovery of the country, as well as in later years, and gave the documentary evidence for his statements, the most complete and conclusive of which is derived from the relations of the Jesuits.”

In reply to a question as to the existence of cannibalism in New England, put by Mr. F. W. Putnam, —

“ Professor Wyman thought there was no sufficient evidence for such a belief; and he also stated that he had never known a case of burial in a shell-heap, but at Doctor’s Island, Florida, he had found a portion of a skeleton apparently buried *under* a heap, as Mr. Putnam had done in a heap near Forest River at Marblehead.”

Such a list of papers as has been given bears the relation of a partial index to the papers themselves. The papers, again, bear the relation of an index to his labors, and to the collections of that beautiful museum which is the ample volume in whose pages those who come after him will read the truest record of his life-long services to science.

Besides the long array of scientific papers, some of the more interesting and important of which have been briefly referred to, mention should be made of the course of twelve lectures on Comparative Physiology, delivered in 1849 before the Lowell Institute, reported by Dr. James W. Stone, and published originally in “ The Traveller ” and afterwards in a separate pamphlet. They are characterized by the clearness, method, soundness, and felicity of illustration which always belonged to him as a teacher. To these writings should be added his tributes to the memory of the distinguished surgeon and lover of science, Dr. John Collins Warren, of Dr. Augustus Addison Gould, the hard-working and enlightened student of nature, and of that young man too early lost to science, of a promise so large that no one dared to construct his horoscope and predict his scientific future, — Dr. Waldo Irving Burnett.

Those last offices of friendship which he performed with pious care for others, others must now perform for him; some of those, it may be hoped, who knew him most intimately. We know what he would have wished of his eulogist. He would not have suffered that he should indulge in the loud lament justified by the Roman poet, which would acknowledge no restraint of conventional propriety or measure of intensity in grief. He would rather have had him remember the sober words of the Roman philosopher: *Est aliquis et dolendi decor — et quemadmodum in ceteris rebus, ita in lachrymis aliquid sat est.* Much as we feel that we have lost, we must also remember how much of him remains. His mind has recorded itself in his collections and in his writings; his character lives in the memory of all who knew him as free from spot or blemish, as radiant with gentle graces as if he had come a visitor from some planet of purer ray than this earth, where selfishness and rivalry jostle each other so rudely in the conflicts of our troubled being.

We naturally wish to know something of the personal traits of such a man in his earlier years. An extract from the communication kindly furnished by his brother, Dr. Morrill Wyman, will call him up before us as a boy and youth.

“He early showed an interest in natural history. When less than ten years old he spent half his holidays in solitary walks along the banks of the Charles River and the margin of the creek near the Asylum, to pick up from the sedge any thing of interest that might be driven ashore. It was seldom that he returned from these walks without something, either dead or alive, as a reward of his search. In college the same preference continued; and, although he did not neglect the prescribed course, he made many dissections and some skeletons, especially one of a mammoth bull-frog, once an inhabitant of Fresh Pond, which was a subject of interest to his classmates, and is now, I believe, in his Museum of Comparative Anatomy. He early commenced drawing, but with very little regular instruction; he also, when ten or twelve years old, painted on a panel with house paints a portrait of himself which was something of a likeness, but deficient in proper tints; the nearest approach he could make to the color of his hair was — green. His facility in sketching in after life was remarkable; he drew anatomical subjects with great accuracy and rapidity. His drawing upon the blackboard in illustrating his lectures, done as it was as he lectured, was most effective. His diagrams for his lectures to the undergraduates of Harvard College were nearly all drawn and colored by his own hand.”

In a very pleasant letter, received while this article is going through the press, Professor Bowen, a college classmate,

who was a fellow-student with Wyman at Exeter, speaks of him, then a boy of fourteen, as pure-minded, frank, playful, happy, careless, not studious, at least in his school-books, but not mischievous.

“He *would* take long rambles in the woods, and go into water and a-fishing, and draw funny outline sketches in his school-books, and whittle out gimcracks with his penknife, and pitch stones or a ball farther and higher than any boy in the academy, when he ought to have been studying his lessons. Only a few years ago, when we were chatting together about our early life at Exeter and in college, he said in his frank and simple way, with a laugh and half a sigh, ‘Bowen, I made a great mistake in so neglecting distasteful studies, though you may think I made up for it by following the bent of my inclination for catching and dissecting bull-frogs. I have been obliged, even of late years, to study hard on some subjects distinct from and yet collateral with my special pursuits, which I ought to have mastered in my boyhood.’ The boy was very like the man, only with age, as was natural, he became more earnest, persistent, and methodical.”

One need not be surprised to learn from another classmate, himself distinguished as a scholar, that many of those whom Jeffries Wyman distanced and left out of sight in the longer trial of life stood above him in scholarship during his college course.

We have seen that he early left the ranks of the profession which he had studied, at least as a working member. Kind-hearted, sagacious, thoroughly educated, it might have seemed that he was just the man to be useful, and to gain fortune and renown, as a physician. Why have he and so many others, eminently furnished for professional success, seen fit to give up all their professional prospects and take the almost monastic vows of the devotee to science? Doctor Louis Agassiz, Doctor Asa Gray, Doctor Jeffries Wyman, were all duly qualified to exercise the healing art. They each left its beaten road for the several paths to which they found themselves called. The divinity which shapes our ends was working through the instincts which they followed. We may pause a moment to contrast their early calling with their actual pursuits.

The art of healing is an occupation worthy of the best and ablest men; but it is less entirely satisfying to the purely scientific mind than other pursuits of equal dignity. Like meteorology, it can watch, and to some extent predict the course of events; it can hang out cautionary signals, and help us to protect ourselves by its counsels; but its problems involve elements which defy our analysis, and health and

disease come and go in spite of it, like storm and sunshine. The uncertain and importunate calls of suffering interfere with connected investigations. A physician will have to count the pulses of thirty patients while a physiologist is watching the circulation of a single tadpole. The feelings are too often excited when the observing faculties should be undisturbed; too much time is demanded for that half-social, half-professional intercourse which tends, except in the strongest brains, to partial atrophy of some of the dominant cerebral convolutions. The physician's path is obscured by deceptive appearances which he has no means of clearing up, and obstructed by practical difficulties which he has not the power of overcoming. Disease which he has an hour to study and prescribe for has been silently breeding in the individual for years, perhaps in the family for ages. The laboratory of the pharmacist is a narrow-walled apartment; but the earth, the air, the sea, the noonday sun, and the midnight dew distil, exhale, mingle, or convey the poisons that enter at every pore of the double surface of our bodies. It is a weary conflict when one must strike at an unseen foe with an uncertain weapon. Those cruel old verses which ridicule this random warfare with the common enemy — written probably by some poor creature who would have screeched for medical aid at the first twist of a colic — are not wholly without a sting in these days of larger and surer knowledge: —

*"Si vis sanari de morbo nescio quali
Accipias herbam, sed quam vel nescio qualem,
Ponas nescio quo, sanaberis nescio quando."*

We need not wonder or regret that while Sydenham was reforming the English practice of medicine, his fellow-student Doctor John Locke gave up his profession to devote himself to the study of the human understanding; that Doctor Carl von Linné became known to all the world as Linnæus the naturalist; that Doctor Thomas Young gradually relinquished physic for physics, and found himself happier in reading the hieroglyphics of Egypt than in unravelling the mysteries of disease; that Doctor William Hyde Wollaston became a chemist, and Doctor Thaddeus William Harris an entomologist. And so we may feel about our good Doctor Jeffries Wyman; excellent as he would have been as a physician, welcome as his gentle voice and pleasant smile would have been at the bedside, keen as he would have been in detecting the nature and causes of disease, and conscientiously assiduous as he would have shown himself in doing all he could

to alleviate it, many of his most precious natural gifts would never have found a full opportunity of exercise, if he had not followed the course for which nature had marked him out from his boyhood.

For this course he was endowed with the rarest attributes. His acuteness and accuracy of observation were so great that an oversight or an error was not likely to be detected in any of his work by any other than himself. His mental eye was not only, as we should say of a good microscope, at once remarkable for penetration and definition, but it was as nearly achromatic as we can hope to find any human organ of intellectual vision. His word was as trustworthy as a plumb-line or a spirit-level. If Jeffries Wyman had asserted that he had himself seen a miracle, there are not a few questioners of tradition who would accept a revelation on the strength of it.

In his laboratory he commonly made use, as Wollaston did, of the simplest appliances. Give him a scalpel, a pair of forceps, a window to work at, and any thing that ever had life in it to work on, and he would have a preparation for his shelves in the course of a few hours or days, as the case might be, that would illustrate something or other which an anatomist or a physiologist would find it a profit and pleasure to study. Under a balanced bell-glass he kept a costly and complicated microscope, but he preferred working with an honest, old-fashioned, steady going instrument of the respectable, upright Oberhaueser pattern. His outfit for happy employment was as simple as John the Baptist's for prophecy. Who are so rich as the poet and the man of science? "The meanest flower that blows" is an unfathomable mine of thought to the one, and "the poor beetle that we tread upon" holds a whole museum of nature's miracles for the other.

He was never so busy that he would not turn aside to answer a student's question or show a visitor any object he might wish to see. Where he was in doubt, he never made any pretence of knowing; and, like all wise men, he knew well of how much we are all ignorant.

If he had ambition, it was latent under other predominating characteristics. So far as could be seen, his leading motive was an insatiable, always active, but never spasmodic desire of learning some new secret of nature. If a discovery came in his way, he told of it without any apparent self-applause or vanity. He, who never made blunders, might fairly be indulged in a quiet smile at those of his neighbors; but he was considerate with scientific weaklings, and corrected them as tenderly as Izaak Walton would have the

angler handle his frog. Dr. Kneeland speaks of him in his letter to the writer, as he appeared in the chair as President of the Natural History Society:—

“He presided with the gentleness and courtesy so characteristic of him; he was always ready with some fact from his carefully arranged storehouse to confirm or disprove statements made before the Society. He was patient of ignorant contradiction, sure of final approbation; never captious; never annihilating his tyro antagonists, as he easily could, by the weight of his scientific blows. His benign countenance many a time has checked the rising excitement of hot discussions.”

“He never took part in any personal controversy,” says Mr. Alexander Agassiz in his letter; and on one occasion to which Mr. Agassiz refers, when he was unfairly treated by a leading man in science, “he never complained of it or even mentioned it.” — “Unless he could add something of importance to the memoirs of his predecessors, he never allowed himself to print his observations, if they were mere confirmations. At the time Owen and the younger Milne-Edwards published their memoirs on the Dodo, he had been at work for a long time on the same material in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, and was just ready to commence; yet he was satisfied in criticising a few points in the above papers, and returned the series of bones, all carefully labelled, saying he should have no further use for them.”

Professor Wyman would have been more famous if he had been less modest. Whether it be true or not that the world knows not its greatest men, it certainly knows very little of many of its best men; nothing at all of most of its best women. The bolts and pins which fasten the walls of our dwellings are mostly buried out of sight, and so it is with the virtues that hold society together. Professor Wyman did a man's work with a woman's patience, meekness, fidelity, and noiseless efficiency. He was born with those gifts of “nature” which the excellent Bishop Hall would put before “grace” in the choice of a partner for life. He was too good a man for any creed to confiscate his virtues to its private exchequer. We do not inquire so narrowly or so severely into a good man's special dogmas as our worthy ancestors were in the habit of doing. President Increase Mather burned Robert Calef's book of Sadducee infidelities about witchcraft in the college yard; but we do not expect President Eliot to preside over a similar *auto-da-fé* in which Mr. Tyndall's Belfast Address is to be the combustible. Many, however, will be pleased to know that Professor Wyman was a regular attendant on divine worship, and that the want of reverence sometimes attributed to men of science was no part of his character. The following extract from his

own tribute to the memory of Waldo Irving Burnett came evidently from the heart of one who shared his devout habits of thought and emotion : —

“In all of his studies of nature he seems to have had a pervading perception of God in his works, and often in eloquent words gives expression to his feelings when some new manifestation of divine wisdom was uncovered to his inquiring mind.”

The seer of the past was the man of mysteries. The veil within which none but the high-priest must enter, the ark which the well-meaning attendants tried to steady when it was like to fall, and were smitten dead for touching it, — these are the symbols of that venerable antiquity whose traditions are the cement in which the stones of all these temples rising around us are laid.

The seer of to-day is the man of explorations and explanations. Moses is busy with his microscope, and Daniel prophesies from the meteorological headquarters at Washington. The old bottles cannot hold all the new wine. We must not expect all our saints to come up to the doctrinal standards of the reverend and biographical Dr. Allen's moribund theologians ; but when we find a man who has passed his days in the study of materialized phenomena living a life which would reflect credit on any church, we need not be afraid to honor him, even if he is given over to that branch of science which poor dear Hester Piczzi says “leads into doubts destructive of all comfort in this world and all happiness in the next,” — that wicked geology.

Who has ever preached such a sermon as this sweet and lovely life has been always setting forth in the golden letters of daily actions? If he had been one of the twelve around the Master, whom they had seen hanging on the cross, no doubt he, like Thomas, would have asked to see the print of the nails, and know for himself if those palms were pierced, and if that side had received the soldier's spear-thrust. But, if he had something of the questioning follower, in how many ways he reminded us of the beloved disciple! His characteristic excellences recall many points of the apostle's description of the virtue which never faileth. He suffered long and was kind ; he envied not ; he vaunted not himself ; he was not puffed up ; he sought not his own ; was not easily provoked ; thought no evil ; and rejoiced in the truth. If he differed from Charity in not believing all things, he followed the apostolic precept of trying all things, and holding fast that which had stood the trial. Many scientific men of great

note have had too obvious failings. Hunter was ill-tempered; Davy was ill-mannered; Wollaston was acquisitive. It is with men like Faraday and Edward Forbes that we would name Jeffries Wyman,—Faraday, living in uncomplaining poverty, happy in the incessant pursuit of knowledge, absorbed and “earnest as a child over his toys” in performing his wonderful experiments at the Royal Institution, simple-hearted, devout in his adhesion to his singular and self-denying creed; Edward Forbes, as shown in Dr. John Brown’s eloquent pages, “the delightful man, the gifted teacher, the consummate naturalist,” “a child of nature who lived in her presence and observance,” to whom all were welcome, and who was welcomed by all, “who won all hearts” by his gifts and “his unspeakable good-nature,” who lived for science, and, when his summons came, “behaved at the close with his old composure, considerateness, and sweetness of nature.”

Jeffries Wyman looked his character so well that he might have been known for what he was in a crowd of men of letters and science. Of moderate stature, of slight frame, evidently attenuated by long invalidism, with a well-shaped head, a forehead high rather than broad, his face thin, his features bold, his expression mild, tranquil, intelligent, firm, as of one self-poised, not self-asserting, his scholarly look emphasized by the gold-bowed spectacles his near-sightedness forced him commonly to wear, the picture of himself he has left indelibly impressed on the memory of his friends and pupils is one which it will always be a happiness to recall.

The work of his busy hands is done; the sound of his cheerful voice is heard no more; his smile will never welcome us again at the threshold of his beautiful museum; the benediction of his presence will no more hallow our friendly meetings. It is a pleasure of the purest nature, and not easily to be forgotten, to associate one’s name but for an hour with such a fragrant memory. It may seem as if too much had been made of his virtues and graces. But all that has been said is no more than all that knew him are saying, and less — how much less! — than such a life is entitled to claim. To other hands which will fill out this imperfect outline and add color to these scarcely tinted features, which will show his intellect in its full proportions, his labors in their entire extent, his thoughts in their complete expression, his character in its noble sincerity, the sweet remembrance of Jeffries Wyman is lovingly commended.

The doings of the Annual Meeting were now entered upon.

The Reports of the Council, the Treasurer, the Librarian, and the Cabinet Keeper were severally read and accepted, and referred to the Committee on the "Proceedings," and are here printed.

Report of the Council.

The Annual Meeting for 1874 took place at the rooms of the Society on the ninth of April.

The Council have held monthly meetings throughout the year, with the exception of the meetings which would have taken place in July and August. These, as well as the meetings of the Society during this time, were omitted, many officers and members being out of town.

The meetings of the Council have been characterized by their usual harmony and unanimity, the only circumstance which we can look back upon with regret being the absence in Europe of our President.

The necrology of the Society, always a solemn portion of our records, is unusually so for the year 1874, death having removed some of our most distinguished associates. Of the Resident Members we must record the names of Judge Charles H. Warren, the delightful companion who mingled so charmingly wit and wisdom; Jeffries Wyman, the learned professor; Judge B. R. Curtis, than whom in his profession no man was more profound; Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, most studious as an author and an antiquary; Dr. James Walker, the distinguished theologian and philosopher; and last, though not least, that worthy gentleman and graceful poet, Charles Sprague. From our Honorary Members, also, we have lost the famous name of Pierre Guillaume Guizot, whose austere virtues seemed rather to belong to the early times of our own republic than to the France of the last thirty years.

From our Corresponding list of members there have been stricken the honored names of E. F. B. Twisleton, M. D'Avezac, Richard Almack, and Cyrus Eaton.

During the year six Resident Members have been added to our rolls, — Messrs. William Gray, D. A. Goddard, Henry W. Foote, Charles C. Perkins, C. F. Dunbar, and Charles Devens, Jr.

The Library has been enlarged by valuable gifts from Messrs. A. A. Lawrence, W. G. Brooks, W. H. Whitmore, and Charles Sprague, the details of which will be found in the report of the Librarian. The Committee of the Council

for the Library report that all the books are on the shelves or accounted for.

The contemplated improvements in the Cabinet have not yet been completed, but will probably be undertaken during the ensuing year.

The Gallery of Art has been enriched by the gift from Mr. Alexander Duncan of the large full-length portrait of General Washington, communicated in the interesting letter of the President of the Society to Mr. Adams, read at the September meeting; and through the liberality of the proprietors, the Winslow portraits have been put in perfect order. That of Governor Edward Winslow is of extraordinary value, from the fact that it is the only known likeness of one of the earliest Pilgrims. It is to be hoped that this picture may ever remain in the possession of this Society.

A volume of "Proceedings" will be issued during the summer, and the Committees appointed are at work on the Sewall and other important papers.

The finances are in a prosperous condition, as will be explained by the report of our Treasurer.

On behalf of the Council,

AUGUSTUS THORNDIKE PERKINS.

Report of the Librarian.

The Librarian has the honor to present the following brief report for the past year. There have been added to the Library —

Books	773
Pamphlets	2,104
Bound volumes of newspapers	15
Unbound volumes of newspapers	8
Maps	12
Plan	1
Broadsides	16
Manuscripts	8
	<hr/>
	2,937

Of the books added, 616 have been given, 136 have been procured by exchange, and 7 bought. Of the pamphlets added, 1,623 have been gifts and 253 exchanges. Of the Society's publications, 19 volumes have been exchanged for other works, and 7 volumes have been received back by exchange. There are now in the Library, it is believed, 23,203 volumes, which number includes the files of bound news-

papers, the bound manuscripts and the Dowse collection. The number of pamphlets exceeds 42,000. Mr. Lawrence has given 30 volumes and 7 pamphlets, relating to the great Rebellion. Valuable gifts have also been received from Mr. Brooks and Mr. Whitmore.

There have been taken out during the year 137 volumes and 33 pamphlets, and all have been returned except three, which are in use by persons connected with the coming centennial celebrations. The Library is used much more for reference than for circulation.

Respectfully submitted,

SAMUEL A. GREEN, *Librarian.*

APRIL 15, 1875.

Report of the Cabinet Keeper.

The Cabinet Keeper respectfully reports that the department under his charge is in good order. Various improvements, which have been for some time under consideration, have not yet been made, as it is thought better to take a long time, rather than make mistakes from too much speed. Several of the portraits have been copied for different applicants; and those of the Winslow family have been put in admirable order at the expense of the family to whom they belong. During the year the Cabinet has received two notable additions, both of which the Keeper has done his best to illustrate in the volume of "Proceedings." These are the case of silver medals formerly the property of Washington, and the copy of the portrait of Washington at Quidenham Park, the seat of the Earl of Albemarle. In accordance with the vote of the Society, an inscription was placed on the case of medals, which has not yet been printed, and is therefore here given at length, —

THIS CASE OF
ELEVEN MEDALS,
ORIGINALLY THE PROPERTY OF
WASHINGTON,
AFTERWARDS OF
WEBSTER,
WAS PRESENTED TO THE
MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
APRIL 16, 1874,
BY THE
HON. PETER HARVEY.

WM. S. APPLETON, *Cabinet Keeper.*

Mr. SALTONSTALL, from the Committee on Nominations, reported the following list, which was unanimously adopted by the Society: —

President.

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, LL.D. BOSTON.

Vice-Presidents.

HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS, LL.D. BOSTON.

HON. EMORY WASHBURN, LL.D. CAMBRIDGE.

Recording Secretary.

CHARLES DEANE, LL.D. CAMBRIDGE.

Corresponding Secretary.

REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS, D.D. BOSTON.

Treasurer.

HON. RICHARD FROTHINGHAM, LL.D. CHARLESTOWN.

Librarian.

SAMUEL A. GREEN, M.D. BOSTON.

Cabinet Keeper.

WILLIAM S. APPLETON, A.M. BOSTON.

Standing Committee.

ROBERT M. MASON, Esq. BOSTON.

FRANCIS W. PALFREY, LL.B. BOSTON.

EDMUND QUINCY, A.M. BOSTON.

WILLIAM G. BROOKS, Esq. BOSTON.

CHARLES C. SMITH, Esq. BOSTON.

On motion of Mr. C. C. SMITH, it was

Voted, That the thanks of the Society are due to Mr. Perkins, the retiring member of the Council, for the valuable services he has rendered during the past three years.

Mr. WHITMORE communicated some extracts from Thorton's "Antiquities of Nottinghamshire," published at London in 1677,* relative to the manor of Lexington in England. These extracts included items in regard to the manor from a period anterior to the Norman Conquest, and genealogical notices of several of its proprietors. They showed that the original manor was subdivided, the chief manor retaining the name of Laxton, while the name Lexington (at first only one of the variants of the early spelling) was appropriated to the secondary manor. The former was sold to the Earl of Kingstons; and for a considerable time no family derived its name from Lexington. But the name was revived in the time of Charles I., when Robert Sutton, of Aram, being raised to the peerage, chose the title simply to mark his descent from the old Barons of Lexington or Lessington. Mr. Whitmore said

* A copy of this work, which is now very scarce, is in the Boston Public Library.—Eds.

there was no evidence to show that our town was named in honor of Lord Lexington, and that the place intended is Laxton in Nottinghamshire, a part of which was known as Lexington as late as 1677, and which, until 1650 or later, was owned by the Roos and Broughton families.

The Recording Secretary also read the following letter from Mrs. Professor John Winthrop, of Cambridge, addressed to Mrs. Mercy Warren, of Plymouth, bearing no date, but written soon after the battle of Lexington, — the letter having been placed in the hands of the Secretary by Professor Torrey:—

Can the friend of my heart, who is engraven there as with the point of a diamond, question whether it is in the power of the greatest commotion, danger, or absence to erase the tender idea, or in the least impair the sincerest friendship? No, you have been the object of my waking thoughts and my nightly dreams; but, since we were dispossessed of our earthly enjoyments, all nature has seemed to be reversed, and with it the weakened mind of your friend rendered incapable of attending to those pleasures which made life agreeable. Nor can she yet forget, nor will old Time ever erase, the horrors of that midnight cry, preceding the bloody massacre at Lexington, when we were roused from the benign slumbers of the season, by beat of drum and ringing of bell, with the dire alarm that a thousand of the troops of George the Third were gone forth to murder the peaceful inhabitants of the surrounding villages. A few hours with the dawning day convinced us the bloody purpose was executing; the platoon firing assuring us the rising sun must witness the bloody carnage. Not knowing what the event would be at Cambridge at the return of these bloody ruffians, and seeing another brigade despatched to the assistance of the former, looking with the ferocity of barbarians, it seemed necessary to retire to some place of safety till the calamity was passed. My partner had been a fortnight confined by illness. After dinner we set out, not knowing whither we went. We were directed to a place called Fresh Pond, about a mile from the town; but what a distressed house did we find there, filled with women whose husbands were gone forth to meet the assailants; seventy or eighty of these, with numbers of infant children, crying and agonizing for the fate of their husbands! In addition to this scene of distress, we were for some time in sight of the battle, the glistening instruments of death proclaiming by an incessant fire that much blood must be shed, that many widowed and orphaned ones be left as monuments of that persecuting barbarity of British tyranny. Another uncomfortable night we passed, some nodding in their chairs, others resting their weary limbs on the floor. The welcome harbingers of day give notice of its dawning light, but bring us news [that] it is useless to return to Cambridge, as the enemy were advancing up the river and firing on the town. To stay in this place was impracticable. Methinks in that hour I felt the force of my mother Eve's solil-

oquy on being driven out of Paradise, comparing small things with great : —

Oh, unexpected stroke, worse than of death !
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? Thus leave
Thee, native soil ? these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods, where I had hoped to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both ?
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits ? —

and could only be consoled by the mild reply of Michael, her guardian angel : —

Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,
Thus over fond, on that which is not thine ;
Thy going is not lonely ; with thee goes
Thy husband ; him to follow thou art bound ;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

His benign words to Adam must also afford consolation to the lonely soul : —

His omnipresence fills land, sea, and air.
Surmise not, then,
His presence to these narrow bounds confined.

Thus with precipitancy were we driven to the town of Andover, following some of our acquaintance, five of us to be conveyed by one poor, tired horse-chaise. Thus we began our [pilgrimage?] alternately walking and riding, the roads filled with frightened women and children, some in carts with their tattered furniture, others on foot fleeing into the woods. But what added greatly to the horror of the scene was our passing through the bloody field at Menotomy, which was strewn with the mangled bodies. We met one affectionate father with a cart, looking for his murdered son, and picking up his neighbors who had fallen in battle, in order for their burial.

I should not have chose this town for an asylum, being but twenty miles from seaports, where men-of-war and their pirates are stationed ; but, in being fixed here, I see it is not in man to direct his steps. As you kindly inquire after our situation, I must tell you it is rural and romantically pleasing. Seated in a truly retired spot, no house in sight, within a mile of neighbors thinly settled, the house, decent and neat, stands under the shade of two venerable elms, on a gently rising, one flight of steps with a view of a spacious meadow before it, a small rivulet meandering through it, the grassy carpet interspersed with a variety of flowery shrubs, several little mounts rising in the conic form intersected with fertile spots of waving grain, the horizon bounded with a thick wood, as if Nature intended a barricade against the cannonade of some formidable despot. But here all is perfect silence ; nothing is heard but the melody of the groves and the unintelligible

language of the animal creation. From the profound stillness and security of this woody region I can almost persuade myself we are the only human inhabitants of creation; and, instead of losing my fondness for society, I shall have a higher relish for the pleasures of friendly converse and social endearments, though the family we live with are very obliging.

But, alas! the gloomy appearance of mortal things sets the vanity of human life in the clearest demonstration before me; nor can I forbear to drop a tear over that seminary which has been the glory of this land, and lamenting those walls early dedicated to the study of science and calm philosophy. Instead of the delightful harmony of nature, nothing but the din of arms and the clarion of war; the youth dispersed, the hands of their preceptors sealed up; those fountains of knowledge, the library and apparatus, entirely useless, and perhaps may fall into those hands whose highest joy would be to plunge us into darkness and ignorance that we might become fitter subjects for slavery and despotic rule. My partner wishes some attention might be paid to these important treasures. Oh! shall we ever be restored to that peaceful abode, that happy roof, where, relieved from all the glitter and noise of the gay and busy world, my consort would joy to finish his mortal life in investigating the great temple of the skies and adoring the divine Architect of heaven, and quietly quitting this lower creation?

When I think of the sufferings of my friends in Boston, I am ashamed that my inconveniences should have such an undue effect upon me. I blush that I have so little fortitude to encounter the struggles we must expect to meet before the unnatural campaign is over. I must confess I sometimes indulge fears which excite mirth rather than sympathy in my philosopher. I have not seen our son since his return from sea. It is a satisfaction that our sons possess that love of liberty which will engage them in the cause of their bleeding country. It would give me great pleasure to pay you a visit in your hospitable abode of peace and elegance; but the length of the journey, and the uncertainty of the times, forbid it. It would add inexpressible pleasure to us to see you in our rural retirement; then might I profit by your example of equanimity and patience in times of affliction. We are now cut off from all our living; but those divine intimations in that sacred Book which have been the consolation of many an exiled one must be our support. Pray let me hear from you as often as possible. As it has been the mode of some distinguished patriots on the other side the water, in their late letters to a person of my acquaintance, in these perilous times, not to affix any signature to them but that of sentiment and affection, so in humble imitation, after offering my partner's and my best affection to you and Colonel Warren, I subscribe yours unalterably.